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AN UNCONFIRMED REPORT STATES—



FOR SALE.

6

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"RUMOUR."

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

The British Soldier's 'Marseillaise.'

By HAROLD BEGBIE.

The French National Anthem, the heart and soul-stirring "Marseillaise," has become so deservedly popular in Great Britain that it may be regarded almost as a marching song for British troops and for British recruits, who are whistling the tune or humming it even to the exclusion of "Tipperary." That being so, we give these verses, to be sung to the tune of the "Marseillaise."—[Musical and other copyright reserved.]

STEP out, smart lads, and count yourselves in luck:
 There's a great fight waiting on ahead:
 There's a foe in front who dares to doubt your pluck,
 And his ruthless hands are red—
 With the blood of babes they are red!
 March on! with the strength that does not scatter:
 Charge! with the rush that puts to flight:
 Shout! with the joy that wins the fight:
 And strike until they shatter!
 Strike! Strike! down their brag;
 Strike! Strike! for your Flag:
 March on! March on!
 Bend, break, and bind
 The scourge of all mankind!

March on, brave men, and save the land you love!
 Hear the cry of the ravished and the dead!
 Oh! this fiend has mocked the Living God above,
 And his million hands are red—
 With women's blood they are red!
 March! with the blood of babes for token:
 Arm! with the wrath of Heaven's sword:
 On! as the legions of the Lord:
 And smite till hell is broken!
 His guns! on to his guns!
 Smite, smite till he runs!
 Avenge! Avenge!
 Let devils feel
 A crash of British steel!

MENTIONED IN SIR JOHN FRENCH'S GREAT DESPATCH:
BRITISH LEADERS IN THE GREAT BATTLE.



MAJOR-GENERAL H. H. WILSON,
Sub-Chief of the General Staff.



MAJOR-GEN. SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON,
Quartermaster-General.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR C. FERGUSSON,
Commanding 5th Division.



LIEUT.-GEN. SIR ARCHIBALD MURRAY,
Chief of the General Staff.



GENERAL SIR H. SMITH-DORRIEN,
Commanding the Second Corps.



MAJOR-GENERAL E. H. H. ALLENBY,
Commanding the Cavalry Brigade.



SIR PHILIP CHETWODE,
Commanding the 5th Cavalry Brigade.



BRIGADIER-GEN. H. DE B. DE LISLE,
Commanding 2nd Cavalry Brigade.



MAJOR-GENERAL T. D'OYLY SNOW,
Whose Division helped the 1st & 2nd Corps.



LIEUT.-GEN. SIR DOUGLAS HAIG,
Commanding the First Corps.



MAJOR-GEN. SIR C. F. N. McREADY,
Adjutant-General.



BRIGADIER-GEN. SIR D. HENDERSON,
Commanding the Royal Flying Corps.

Of the officers of the British Expeditionary Force whose portraits are given above the best known of all, probably, is Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, whom Sir John French, in his despatch of Sept. 7, designated as "a commander of rare and unusual coolness, intrepidity, and determination." His splendid handling of the Second Corps in the strategical retreat saved the left wing. Sir Douglas

Haig, the commander of the First Corps, equally well known as a brilliant and most able soldier, also receives the warmest commendation from Sir John French; as do, in particular, Sir David Henderson, in command of the Royal Flying Corps, all the members of which were specially commended; General Allenby, the brilliant leader of the Cavalry Division; and the Quartermaster-General of the Army, Sir W. Robertson.

Photographs by Barnett, Elliott and Fry, Langfrier, Robinson, Swaine, Russell and Sons, A. Tear, and Gale and Polden.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE new play at the Haymarket, called "The Impossible Woman," does not seem very well chosen for present circumstances. Something more stimulating, thrilling, is needed than Mr. Haddon Chambers's rather clever adaptation of "Tante," a novel by Mrs. Basil de Selincourt containing an elaborate study of the temperament of a female pianist. Certainly there are amusing scenes and clever patches of dialogue; but there is a great flood of talk sometimes a little tiresome, and a very small amount of plot concerning people drawn with some skill, but not very agreeable or interesting. However, the play offers a big part to Miss Lillah McCarthy as Okraska, the American lady pianist, and she gives a remarkably clever performance, with many ingenious strokes of quiet humour; whilst in her amazing costumes she looks splendid. Even her skill and the breadth of her acting do not prevent the character from being a puzzle and seeming unreal. The others are mere satellites and present no great chances to the players, though one must recognise the fact that there was admirable acting by Miss Helen Haye, Miss May Whitty, and Miss Ruth Mackay, also by Messrs. Malcolm Cherry and Godfrey Tearle.

Mr. Arthur Bouchier has proved himself so well fitted by nature to play Henry VIII. that it is not surprising to find Mr. Louis Parker, in "Bluff King Hal," giving him another opportunity. We see the stout and genial monarch now at a later period of his life. His family is growing up round him: Mary is a prim and orthodox young lady, and Elizabeth a priggish little girl absorbed in her classics. Little Edward plays with little Lady Jane Grey; and Henry himself is becoming gouty and nervous about references to his health. He woos Katharine Parr with vigour, and snatches her from Sir Thomas Seymour; he becomes violently jealous, and his jealousy is played upon by Bishop Gardiner and Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, who wish to destroy the Queen for her heresy; he is on the point of sending her to certain death when an incautious conversation overheard proves the Churchmen's ruin; and all ends happily in reconciliation and revels. It is a gorgeous picture, most wonderfully designed by Mr. Hugo Rumbold. The King is a jolly fellow with a sense of humour. Miss Violet Vanbrugh is a dignified and picturesque Queen. The two dark figures of orthodoxy are impressively played by Mr. Herbert Bunston and Mr. Cecil Humphreys. Miss Kathleen Jones as Elizabeth and little Odette Goimbault as Lady Jane Grey are delightful little studies; and as a historical pageant the whole thing is of Mr. Parker's best.

Much interest attached to the revival of that famous old melodrama "The Silver King," by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Henry Herman, at the Strand Theatre, for Mr. H. B. Irving had undertaken the part of the hero, Wilfred Denver, who, as most people know, believed himself to have committed a murder, fled the country, and returned with great wealth to clear his name and bring happiness to his long-suffering wife and children. The part offers many opportunities to an actor of his distinction and intellectual power, and he makes the most of it.

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VIOLET VANBRUGH as KATHARINE PARR.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

OURSELVES—AND THE ENEMY: "THE FLEETS AT WAR."*

The Navy's Four Bloodless Victories.

"Owing to a series of fortunate circumstances," as Mr. Hurd has it, "the British Fleet—our main line of defence and offence—was fully mobilised for war on the morning before the day—August 4th at 11 p.m.—when war was declared by this country." For "fortunate circumstances" read "foresight," and you will give the proper credit to those responsible, to those whose energy, mental and physical, made it possible for the Sure Shield to bar the enemy's way so effectively that it is difficult even now for many a man in the street to realise that Great Britain is playing her part in the greatest conflict of modern times. "Within a fortnight of diplomatic relations being broken off with Germany, and less than a week after Austria-Hungary by her acts had declared her community of interest with her ally, the British Navy, without firing a gun or sending a single torpedo hissing through the water, had achieved four victories." It had given such feeling of security to the Empire that there was not a sign of the "nerves" which Germany had calculated would keep us neutral; it had so strangled German commerce that "the heart of the German mercantile navy suddenly stopped beating"; it had enabled British trade on the seas to go on almost as if in times of peace; and it had permitted the transportation of the British Expeditionary Force, as detailed for foreign service. No such thing has been known before. As Mr. Arnold White once wrote: "Five times in the history of England the British Navy has stood between the would-be master of Europe and the attainment of his ambition. Charlemagne, Charles V., Philip II. of Spain, Louis XIV. of France, and Napoleon—all aspired to universal dominion. Each of these Sovereigns in turn was checked in his soaring plans by British sea power." Now it is the German Emperor who seeks to be the Super-Lord. And still the British Navy stands between the would-be despot and free people.

Never Despise the Enemy.

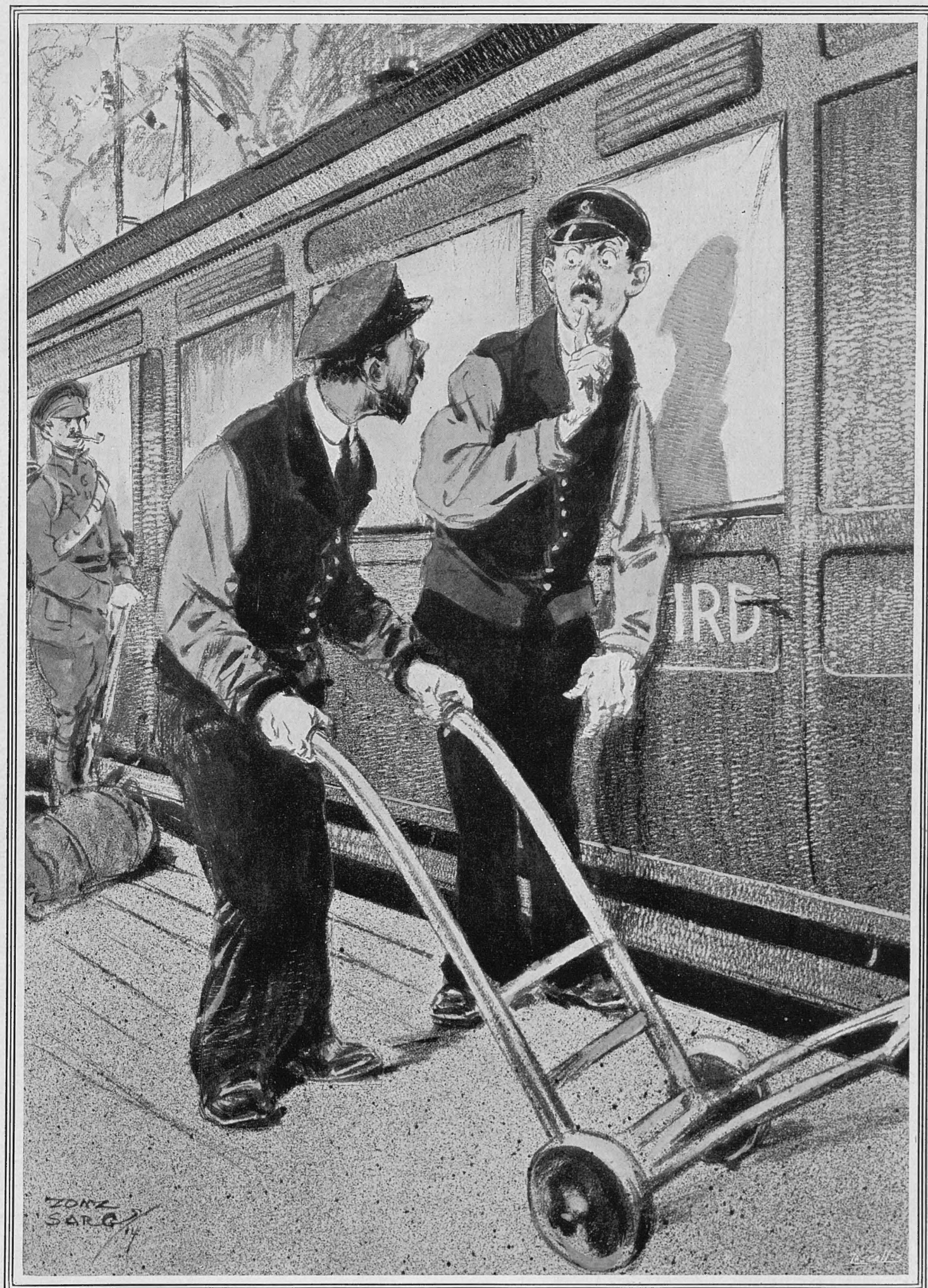
Think what its watchfulness means—its duty by day and night. It stands for food and trade, the security of Dominions over seas, and the safe-conduct of the gallant men who have sailed to help the home-country; it is the life-line of our gallant Army abroad, responsible for its reinforcements, stores, and everything necessary to enable it to carry out its high purpose. The bolt fell at a moment unpropitious for the German Navy. "Can it be doubted that when, in after years and in full knowledge, the history of the war is written, it will be concluded that Germany, in giving her support to Austria-Hungary, had no thought that this would involve her use of her fleet against the greatest Sea-Power of the world? With much labour and at great sacrifice she had created a formidable diplomatic weapon, and had brandished it in the eyes of a timid and commercially minded people—and such she believed the British people to be; but it was not a fleet of sufficient standing to face the greatest Sea Power with confidence." That does not in any way minimise our Navy's achievement. Never despise the enemy: the German Navy is strong and well led, and it has shown already that it is a foe worthy of our guns. "Whatever the near future may bring, it is certain that the German Navy will put forth its utmost effort to fulfil the hope placed in it by the nation, and those who anticipate a cheaply purchased naval victory for us are laying up a rude disappointment for themselves."

The German Naval Leader and His Beliefs.

The German Commander-in-Chief is Admiral Friedrich von Ingenohl, a distinguished officer who is "the leading advocate of that system of tactics which is known in Germany as the 'rücksichtslose offensive,' and in homely idiom may be translated as 'going for' the enemy hammer and tongs." It is not likely that he will be able to adopt his favoured method, but his belief shows him as a progressive. "Under modern conditions, tactics such as these might well be fatal to those who employed them, owing to the deadly precision of heavy guns and the development of the torpedo. The German school of naval thought favours, instead, a preliminary period of 'mosquito warfare,' seeking thus to reduce both the material and the moral strength of an enemy before the actual clash of armoured squadrons takes place. That this idea is faithfully to be adhered to is clear from the opening incidents of the present campaign at sea, which have already shown that reliance is placed on the torpedo and the mine as a preliminary means of diminishing our preponderance in big ships. . . . They lead us to anticipate a good deal of this 'kleinkrieg' before the High Seas Fleet emerges from cover. On the other hand, it were unwise to suppose that the German fleet will continue to act strictly by the book, especially in view of the character of its Commander-in-Chief."—For the rest, a word of hearty commendation for "The Fleets at War," whose scope is best indicated by its contents: The Relative Standing of the British and German Fleets; The British Navy; the German Navy; Admiral Jellicoe; Officers and Men of the British Navy; The Commander-in-Chief of the German Fleet; German Naval Bases; The Kiel Canal; and the British, German, French, Russian, Austrian, and Japanese Fleets. Emphatically, Mr. Hurd's is a work to have.

* "The Fleets at War." By Archibald Hurd. (Daily Telegraph War-Book; Hodder and Stoughton; 1s. net.)

THE LANGUAGE OF THE RUSSIANS.



FOR SALE.

VOICE FROM BEHIND THE WHITEWASHED WINDOWS: 'Ow much longer are we stoppin' at this bloomin' 'ole?

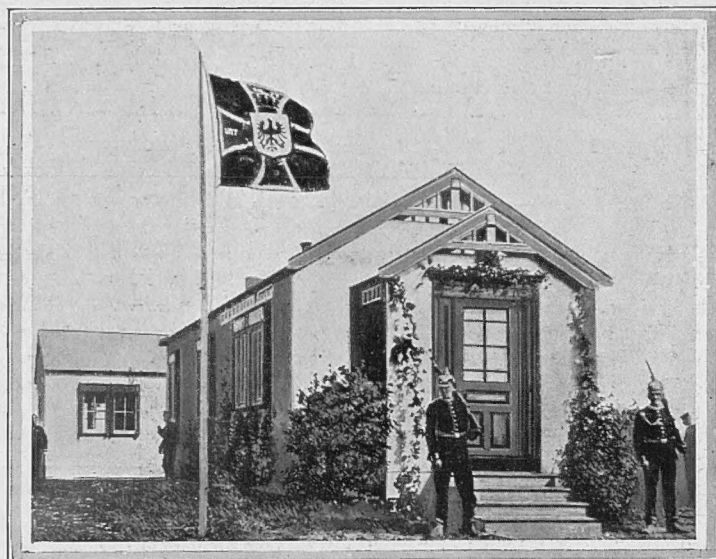
DRAWN BY TONY SARG.



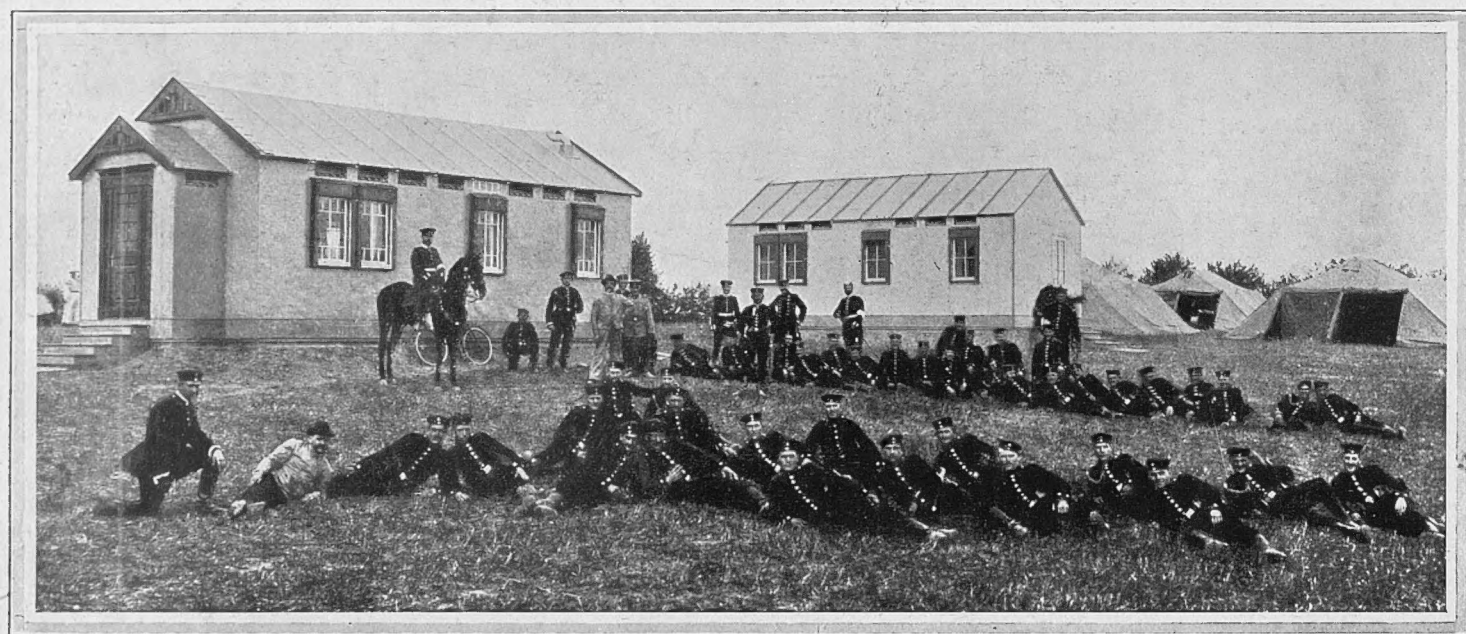
THE GERMAN EAGLE'S ASBESTOS EYRIE IN THE FIELD.



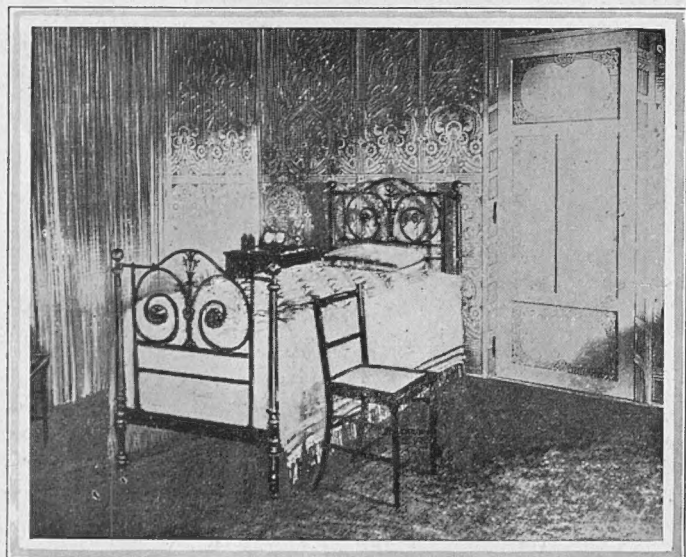
HOW THE WAR LORD GOES TO WAR IN COMPARATIVE COMFORT:
THE KAISER'S ASBESTOS HUT, WHICH HE IS SAID TO BE USING
NOW AT THE FRONT.



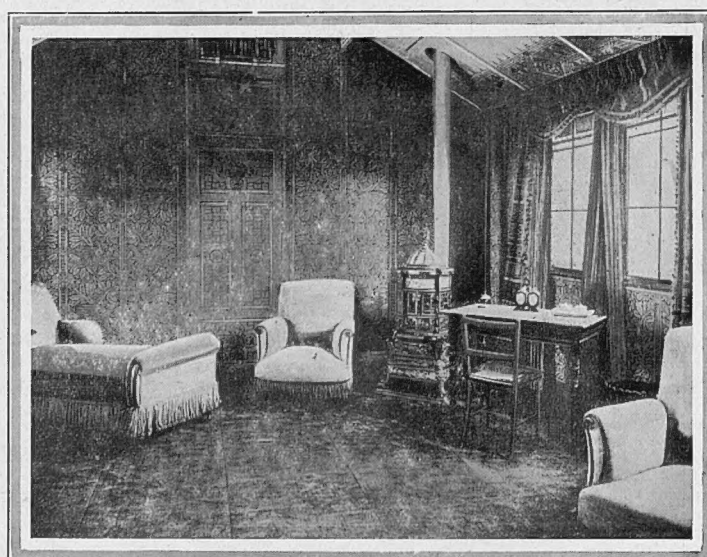
WITH THE IMPERIAL FLAG SHOWING THAT THE IMPERIAL INHABITANT
IS WITHIN: THE KAISER'S ASBESTOS HUT—WHICH IS HEATED,
APPROPRIATELY, BY HOT AIR!



THE KAISER'S ASBESTOS PALACE AND THE ASBESTOS PALACE GUARD: THE IMPERIAL FIELD QUARTERS AND ANNEXE
AS SEEN ON ANOTHER OCCASION.



RATHER MORE LUXURIOUS THAN WELLINGTON'S CAMP BEDSTEAD!
THE IMPERIAL BEDROOM IN THE KAISER'S ASBESTOS HUT.

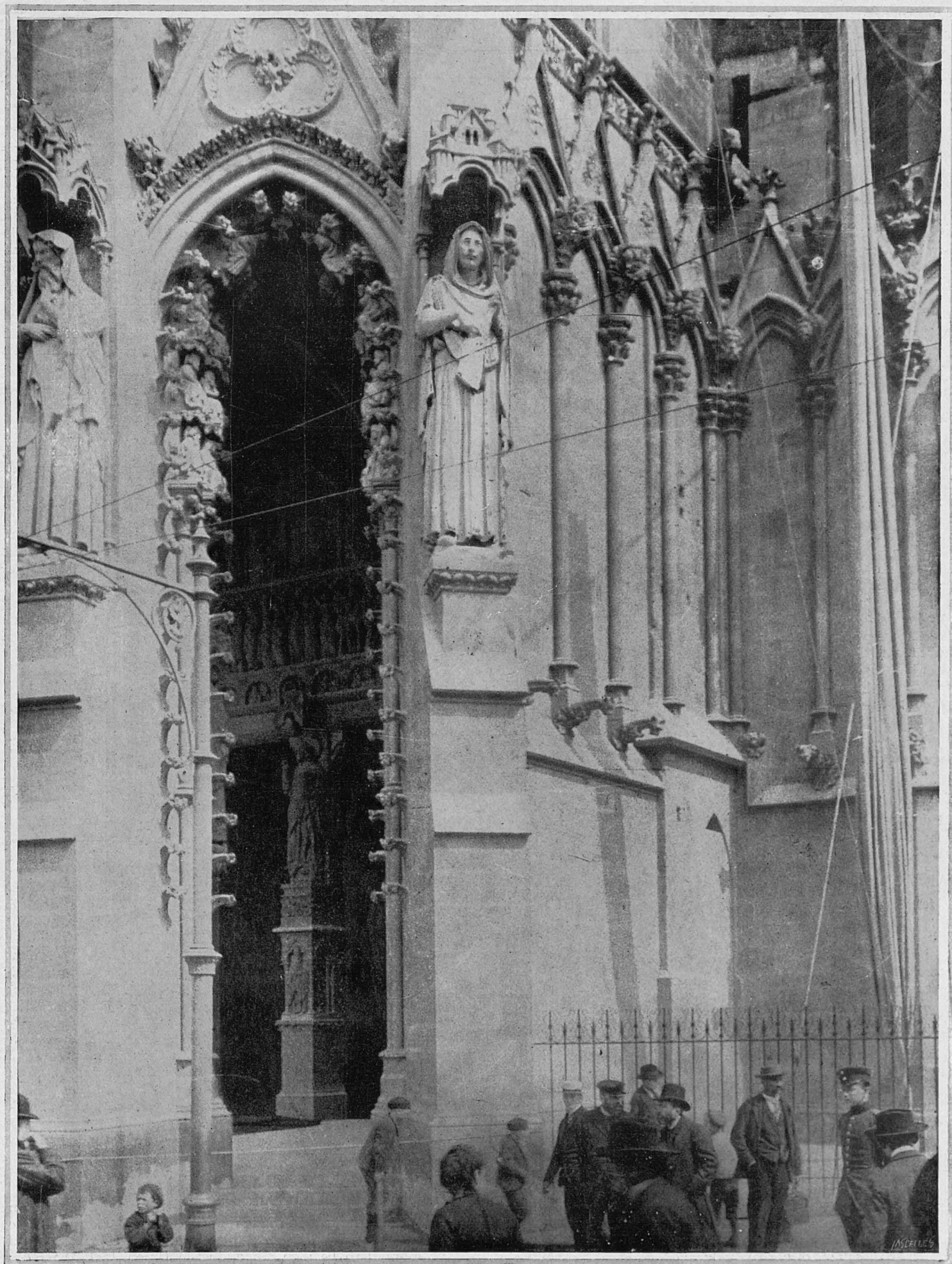


WHERE THE WAR LORD SITS AT EASE: THE ASBESTOS SITTING-ROOM,
WITH HOT-AIR STOVE AND OTTOMAN.

Even on active service, as on manoeuvres, the Kaiser is fond of creature comforts, and, if he cannot take it easy, takes it as easy as he can. The hut here illustrated, which, it is reported, has accompanied the Kaiser on the present campaign, is made

of wood and asbestos, is heated by hot air, and, it is whispered, takes three hours to fit up and as many to dismantle. The assumption is that the possibility of an urgent retreat has never entered the Imperial mind!

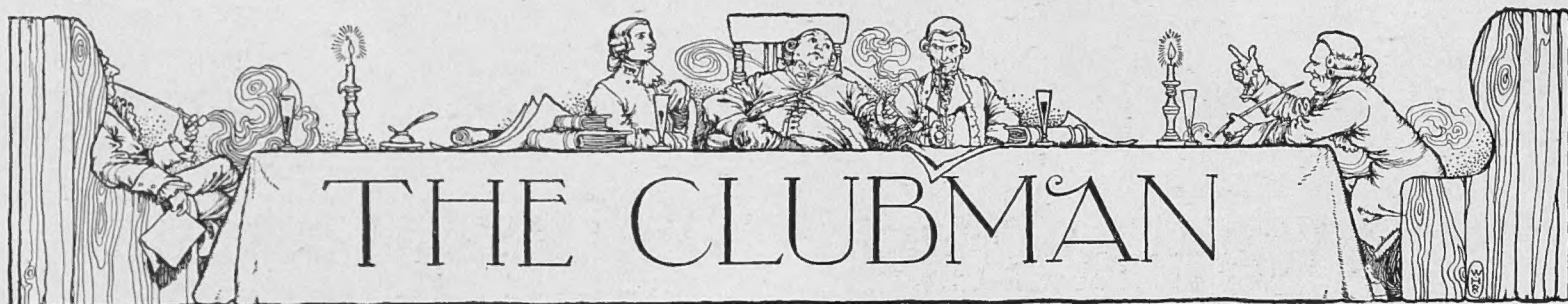
NOW FACING MODERN LIONS! THE KAISER AS DANIEL.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR DISGUISED AS A PROPHET — OTHERWISE, NO LOSS! A STATUE ON THE CATHEDRAL AT METZ.

Amongst the statues on the exterior of the Cathedral at Metz is one of the Kaiser, garbed as, and representing, Daniel. As will be seen from the photograph reproduced above, his costume is ancient and strictly ecclesiastical, and not by any means suitable for a conflict with the very modern lions (in khaki) he is now called upon to face!

Photograph by Miss Munday.



MOTOR-VANS CHARGING: AN ARTILLERY CHARGE: GERMANS AND BOERS: MARRIED RECRUITS: RUSSIAN FLAGS.

The Charge of the Lorries.

It must have been a strange sight, and an impressive one, to see, in the great war, our column of transport, consisting of motor-lorries, charge through the German cavalry who made an attempt to capture them. * No doubt some historian of the war will give us an account of this feat of daring similar to the account that Napier, the historian of the Peninsular campaign, wrote of the charge of Ramsay's battery of Horse Artillery during the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro.

Norman Ramsay's Feat.

The French at Fuentes d'Onoro, coming on very fiercely, drove in the cavalry out-guards at the first shot and cut off Ramsay's battery of artillery. The French squadrons swept on, but, to quote Napier, "a great commotion was observed in their main body; men and horses were seen to close with confusion and tumult towards one point, where a thick dust and loud cries, and the sparkling of blades and flashing of pistols, indicated some extraordinary occurrence. Suddenly the multitude became violently agitated, an English shout pealed high and clear, the mass was rent asunder, and Norman Ramsay burst forth, sword in hand, at the head of his battery; his horses, breathing fire, stretched like greyhounds along the plain, the guns bounded behind them like things of no weight, and the mounted gunners followed close, with heads bent low and pointed weapons, in desperate career."

German Atrocities.

There was a passage in the official *résumé*, issued on Sunday, the 6th, which will bring comfort to the relations of all those officers and men who are reported as being "missing"; it is to the effect that the Germans, during the battle of Champigny, were seen giving assistance to our wounded men who had fallen into their hands. It should be remembered that there is a great deal of difference between the German soldier sober and in the fighting line and those ferocious barbarians wearing uniform who, with official authority to punish the peasants, have, generally under the influence of drink, run amok, killing children and outraging women. There have been some authenticated instances of the killing of wounded men by the Germans, but, with very considerable experience of German nature, I am sure that these acts of barbarity during battle are the exceptions, not the rule. For the savagery of the German soldiers towards peasants, and for the ruthlessness of the officers who give them orders to undertake their accursed work, there will be eventually a reckoning.

The Germans and the Boers.

The Germans in high authority who made a singular mistake as to the temper of the Irish, thinking that because Ireland has her tiffs with England she would do Great Britain a disservice in the time of war, made an equally remarkable mistake with regard to the South

African Boers. The descendants of those old "dopper" Boers who trekked and trekked through South Africa, always moving away from any government, only came under the British flag after they had fought for independence. They found later that they had retained their independence though they had changed their flag, and there are no people in the world who are less likely to prefer the iron despotism with which Germany controls her colonies to the perfect freedom of being a self-governing Dominion under the British flag. If Germany hoped that Great Britain's difficulties would give the Boers an opportunity to revolt, it would be necessary for her to prove to the Boers that they had something to gain by such a revolt.

Enlistment and the Young Married Man.

I was talking the other day of the military fervour which is sweeping over these islands and which is sending tens of thousands of young men of gentle birth into the ranks to carry a rifle and live

as a private does in war time — which, after all, is very much the same life that his officer leads. I was asked by a young married lady what I thought the young married man should do. It is a difficult question to answer, but I think that any young married man, unless he feels a call that cannot be denied to take his share in active fighting, should think whether he cannot by some sacrifice of time or money find a way to release some unmarried young man who wishes to go to the front, but is prevented by circumstances



IN THE WAXWORK GALLERY OF FAME: OUR NATIONAL LEADERS IN THE GREAT WAR CRISIS, AT MME. TUSSAUD'S.

A Cabinet Minister once said that no man was really famous until he had been caricatured in "Punch," and one might add that no one has really "waxed" great until his effigy has been included in the comprehensive tableaux at the Tussaud Galleries near Baker Street. One of the latest groups, photographed above, shows, reading from left to right, Lord Kitchener, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Asquith, Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, Mr. Lloyd George, General Sir John French, and Lord Haldane.—[Photograph by Pictorial Press.]

over which he has no control. Between the married soldier and the married civilian there is this difference: that any girl who marries a soldier, whether he be a colonel or a private, knows that she is marrying a man whose life is dedicated to preparation for battle, and that when the day comes for him to go on active service she must show a smiling face and keep a brave heart as she bids him good-bye. The girl who marries a civilian is, I think, entitled to be consulted by him before he shoulders a rifle or clanks a sword in desperate earnestness.

The Russian Flag.

Undoubtedly London should have flown more Russian flags than she has done, but now the horizontal tricolour of white, blue, and red, the white at the top, is beginning to be seen alongside the Union Jack, the red, white, and blue of France, and the black, yellow, and red of Belgium. This flag, which has now made its appearance in our streets, is the merchant flag flown by Russian shipping, and corresponds to our Red Ensign. The white flag, with the blue St. Andrew's Cross on it, which is one of the handsomest of national flags, is flown by the Imperial Russian Navy; while the Royal Standard of a two-headed eagle on a yellow ground resembles the Austrian Standard so closely that it is difficult to distinguish between the two at a distance, and therefore is not suitable to the present occasion.

WHAT ITALY THINKS OF GUGLIELMO : POSTCARD COMMENTS.



HIMSELF (TO THE ALMIGHTY): "IF I WERE NOT AFRAID OF YOU, I'D DECLARE WAR ON YOU, TOO!"



GUGLIELMO'S DREAM: THE TEUTONIC IDEA OF REMODELLING THE MAP OF EUROPE.



"WHO IS THERE LEFT WE CAN DECLARE WAR ON?"
"THE REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO, YOUR MAJESTY."



GUGLIELMO (BEARING THE EUROPEAN WAR): "HEAVENS! IT IS BEGINNING TO GET HEAVY!"

The sleeping partner of the Triple Alliance, to judge from these picture postcards from Italy, is evidently more in sympathy with the Entente Powers than with her official "allies"—at any rate, as far as popular feeling is

concerned. This sympathy was strongly shown at the recent meeting of Italians in London at the Queen's Hall. San Marino is a tiny independent Republic in Italy. Its army contains 39 officers and 950 men



GENERAL ALLENBY.

TO Sir John French the writing of General Allenby's name and exploits in the second of his great despatches must have been the pleasantest of duties. It would remind him of old and arduous campaigning with one of the fittest and most thorough officers in the armies of the Allies. General Allenby is a soldier through and through. For the time being, of course, as much can be said of every man in the British lines: they are all soldiers to the core. To go through such fighting as General French describes could mean nothing else: fighting day in and day out against the Germans takes, as they say, the whole attention; it is a business into which a man must throw himself body and soul. A ninety-six hours' stretch of it is sufficient to transform a parade-ground-and-barrack-room private into a first-class fighting man, and a mess-room-and-polo-ground officer into a real leader of men.

The Allenby Vocation.

The point, however, about General Allenby is that he is, and always has been, a soldier through and through. He has not waited for wars in order to show his quality and sharpen his martial wits. To meet the younger generation of officers casually and peacefully is often to be left in the dark as to their calling—they seem to be no more than gentle-mannered younger sons, or very enthusiastic sportsmen, or literary youths with more than the usual judgment of literary men in clothes, and with a more exacting barber. In General Allenby's case, however, there is no mistaking the vocation.

"Hard as Nails." Circumstance, as well as preference, has curtailed his activities in the world of fashion. He is not a Society man. So little does he amalgamate his social or domestic concerns with those of his profession that many of his military acquaintance could not tell you whether he is married or a bachelor. "Hard as nails; given over to soldiering. No; I don't know the lady"—such is the character-sketch provided yesterday in one of the military clubs.

Roughing It Abroad.

The tradition of his regiment has been all against the mixing of the social and martial careers. The Inniskillings were on the veldt for ten years in the 'eighties, and, though they grumbled, it made them very serviceable. They were shut off from the amenities of Savile Row and Ranelagh; they forgot the niceties of a smart regimental existence, and even, perhaps, lost a little caste for being out of things for so long. Nor was that the end of their exile. When Allenby's division came home

at the close of the last South African War, it had been on foreign service for fourteen years.

"The Good Sorts." The Inniskillings were, from the point of view of the smarter folk, a little heavy. They were hardly admitted to the inner clique of the crack regiments. "Too heavy for their horses; and their mess port, like the wit that goes with it, not quite as light as might be," was the old view of them. But the Boer War changed the tone

of their critics. Every regiment that came in touch with them recognised their quality. The men were splendid in action, the officers "thorough good sorts." But if from that moment their social status was raised, General Allenby remained the same. He never learned the arts of the ornamental soldier.

The Plain Soldier.

His dislike of even the most legitimate form of military ostentation was illustrated at the entry into Barberton, after desperately hard fighting under French. The General of Brigade wished Allenby's Division to lead the triumphal procession into the town; it had taken the honours in the field and was to be sent to the top of the class. But, though first in every attack, Allenby demurred when it came to a parade of victory. He excused himself with "my men and horses are fatigued"; and came quietly in the day after.

A Letter of Condolence.

Of General Allenby's cordial relations with his junior officers no better indication can be given than the letter he wrote ten days ago to Lady Champion de Crespigny: "Dear Lady de Crespigny—I and the whole of the Cavalry Division sympathise with you, and we feel deeply for Norman's [Lieutenant Claude Norman Champion de Crespigny] loss. But I must tell you he died a hero's death. . . . Norman, with a few men, was holding an important tactical point, and he held it till every man was killed or wounded. No man could have done more, few would have done as much. With deepest sympathy, yours

sincerely.—E. H. H. Allenby." We have said that General Allenby is a soldier through and through. It is just because he is a soldier through and through that he is several other things besides, and can sit down while a battle is raging to write a perfect letter of condolence. He writes on the field rather better than most men write in their studies, and Lady de Crespigny is consoled as far as it is in the power of anybody to console her.



A FAMOUS CAVALRY LEADER WHO FIGURED PROMINENTLY IN SIR JOHN FRENCH'S GREAT DESPATCH: GENERAL ALLENBY.

Major-General Allenby has been known as a most capable cavalry leader for the past four years, ever since, in 1910, he was appointed to the position of Inspector-General of Cavalry in England. He made his mark first in the South African War, where he won his C.B. He is an Inniskilling Dragoon, and first saw active service in the Zulu War of 1878.—[Photograph by Adolphus Tear.]

CELEBRITIES AND THE WAR: PEOPLE VARIOUSLY CONCERNED.



MR. C. H. ROBERTS, M.P.,
Whose proud task it was to read to the House the
splendid offers from India.



VISCOUNTESS IPSWICH,
Whose husband, Viscount Ipswich, has enlisted in
the Buffs as a private.



THE PRINCESS OF PLESS,
Who has friends and relatives fighting on both sides
in the great war.



MR. GEORGE EDWARDES,
The well-known theatrical manager, a prisoner of war
at Bad Nauheim.



PRINCE JOACHIM OF PRUSSIA,
The Kaiser's youngest son, said to be severely
wounded.



THE BISHOP OF LONDON,
About to enter the House of Lords in his uniform
as Chaplain of the Rifle Brigade.



MME. VANDERVELDE,
Who, like her husband, has given a patriotic lead to
Belgian Socialists.



MR. J. L. C. JENKINS,
The Amateur Golf Champion, enlisted as a private
in the Cameron Highlanders.

Mr. C. H. Roberts, who read in the House of Commons the magnificent list of Indian offers of help in the war, is Under-Secretary for India.—Viscount Ipswich, who has enlisted as a private in the Buffs, is the eldest son of the Earl of Euston, and married last year Miss Auriol Brougham.—Princess Pless has been placed in a difficult position by the war. She is a daughter of Colonel William Cornwallis-West, and sister of the

Duchess of Westminster, while her husband, Prince Pless, is a Major *à la suite* of Prussian cavalry.—Mme. Vandervelde, wife of the famous Belgian Socialist, is helping the Queen of the Belgians in her work for Belgian women.—At the moment of writing it is uncertain whether Prince Joachim's wound is as serious as first reported. He is in hospital at Wiegand. The Prince is the Kaiser's sixth and youngest son.

Photographs by H. Waller Barnett, Heppé Gabell, Rita Martin, E. N. A., G. P. U., Dorothy Hickling, and L. N. A.

THE WAR: CASUALTIES AND A COMMENDED COMMANDER.



REPORTED WOUNDED AND MISSING: SECOND-LIEUTENANT
VISCOUNT CASTLEROSSE, IRISH GUARDS.

Viscount Castlerosse, whose name figures in the casualty list published on Sept. 10, is the eldest son of the Earl of Kenmare. He is in his twenty-fourth year. Lord Castlerosse is a 'Varsity man, of Trinity College Cambridge, and before he joined the Irish Guards he held a commission in the Territorials.—Sir John French,

HIGHLY COMMENDED BY SIR JOHN FRENCH: SIR DAVID HENDERSON, C.B., D.S.O.,
COMMANDER OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS.

in his historic despatch of Sept. 7, paid a glowing tribute to the Commander of the Royal Flying Corps and his men, naming Sir David Henderson personally. "Their skill, energy, and perseverance have been beyond all praise." Sir David, who is a Brigadier-General, has been Director of Military Aeronautics since July 1912.

Photographs by Sport and General and Barratt.

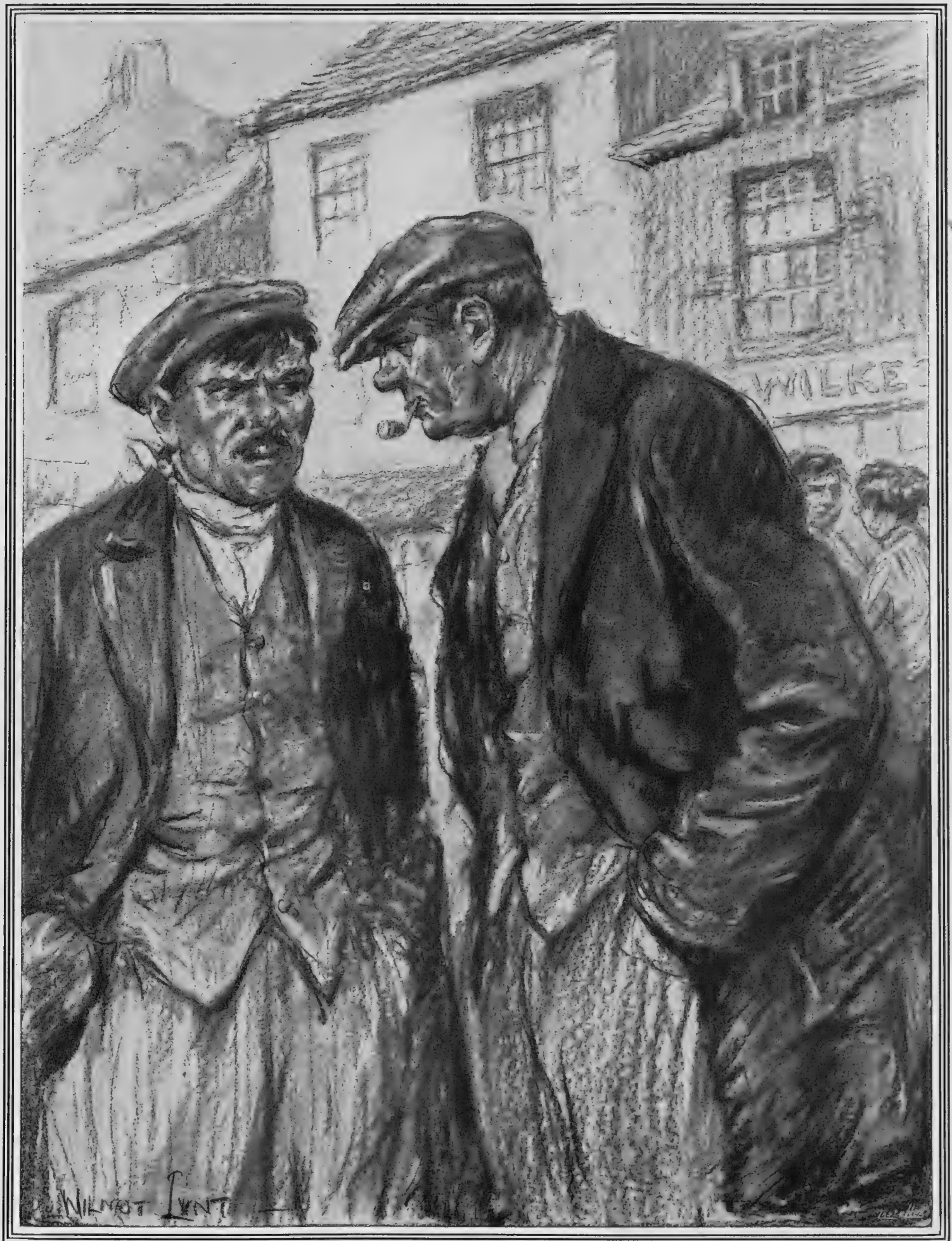


CASUALTIES—THREE OUT OF FOUR: THE QUEEN'S BAYS' POLO TEAM, WHO HAVE FIGURED IN THE GRIMMER GAME OF WAR.

Of these four officers, the well-known polo team of the Queen's Bays (the 2nd Dragoon Guards), three have figured in the casualty list. Reading from left to right, the officers are: Captain A. D. Sloane, Lieutenant C. N. Champion de Crespigny (killed), Major A. E. W. Harman (wounded), and Major G. H. A. Ing (wounded.)

Photograph by L.N.A.

A BESETTING SIN AMONG "BIG GUNS."



THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE PIPE (*discussing the war*): "I tells yer, them Germans 'as been storing guns and ambition for years and years!"

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.



NOTHING makes us grow old so quickly as does a war: it turns our boyish officers into men, and our men into veterans. Everybody who has passed the age-limit for active service really learns, perhaps for the first time, what it is to be shelved; and hundreds of retired officers are up in arms

(but only metaphorically) against a War Office that is primarily concerned with the youth of Great Britain. The notion that he is not wanted in an emergency by the authorities in Whitehall is very apt to pull down the pride of life in, say, a robust retired Colonel; and parents who yesterday thought of their sons as children now realise, at a leap, that they are very gallant officers and gentlemen. All round the process is an ageing one, or seems to be; and an attack of influenza effectively completes the illusion. Lord Derby, who was a young man with big responsibilities in the Boer War, felt nearly ninety last week when he had to keep to his bed with the "flu" instead of helping the Lancashire recruiting. He has now, fortunately, recovered his health and the sense of being still under fifty.

Lord Dalmeny's Example.

The Portsmouth Road, all agog with business and noisy with rumour and the challenging rumble of distant transport trains, has not lately been a place for great exactitude in the matter of speed-limits, and the collision of Lord Dalmeny's motor with Colonel Harrison Hogge's must be put down as one of the accidents of war. Lord Dalmeny, a fearless driver at any time, was carrying despatches when the accident occurred, and, like a born despatch-rider, proved his genius for coming through unhurt. Lord Dalmeny, it is interesting to remember at the moment, is a great cricketer—with a difference! Even in times of peace he was persuaded that there were better things to do than spending half the year between the wickets. After captaining the Surrey Eleven for a couple of seasons, he sheathed his bat in its scabbard of green wool.

The 1000 Guineas.

The Fancy Fair held at Hughenden Manor has enabled Mrs. Coningsby Disraeli to hand over a very handy and a very handsome cheque of a thousand guineas to local hospitals. That is just the kind of purpose to which Disraeli would have liked above all things the grounds of his beloved Hughenden Manor to be put. The estate is of a smallness which pointed the famous apology "the Squire" once addressed to Vernon Harcourt, to whom (the member of a broad-acred family) he had shown every hole and corner of his little demesne, "Excuse the vanity of a landed proprietor." The cry of the peacocks, dear to their former owner, could be heard to the last confines of the restricted territory that saw the birth of so many great projects and boundless ambitions. In many other ways Disraeli has had the luck of having his own dreams fulfilled by those whom he influenced and loved. In his early novels

he advocated reformed housing for the poor; and, long years later, his chosen secretary (his "Impressario," he liked to call him), Lord Rowton, left a fortune to help to secure this boon, by the establishment of the Houses that bear his name. That Hughenden should now earn a cool thousand for the mending of the sick is just another such posthumous piece of luck for the statesman who chose "Sanitas" as one of his passwords in the wordy war of politics.

That Discerning Dog.

What is to happen, one wonders, to the portrait of Lord Beaconsfield which Bismarck begged from him after the Berlin Congress? It hung in the Prince's private cabinet with only two other portraits—those of his master, the old Emperor, and of his wife. Lord Beaconsfield, on his return to England, told his friends that when he first went into Bismarck's cabinet, Bismarck's pet dog rose, wagged its tail, and licked the English statesman's hand. But when Gortschakoff, the Russian Envoy, came in, the dog made for him. And Bismarck shared his dog's likings and dislikings. "I must say," he has recorded, "that in spite of his fantastic novel-writing, he is a capable statesman, far above Gortschakoff. In a quarter of an hour you knew exactly where you stood with him." Lord Beaconsfield, by the way, spoke only English at the Congress. He knew no German, and, though he read French, he hesitated to talk it, especially among good linguists like those then and now in Berlin. Of the great personal triumph he was accorded when he returned to London he said: "Yes, but it comes too late." The weariness of old age was on him. At least the much-contested age-limit for enlistment now secures the buoyant good spirits of the Englishmen who next bring peace with honour from Berlin.

Acts of Succession. The new Sir John Heaton has just one disadvantage—that of being

the son of a father who left little else in his own line to be accomplished. Nobody has the succession as a postal reformer after the battle of postal reform has been fairly well fought and won. But the new Baronet has his own interests and hobbies. He is something of an athlete, and he numbers nearly all the younger poets among his friends. His marriage with the daughter of Lord Gwydyr is ancient enough history by now to supply a third John of the line, aged eleven. The Hon. Mrs. Heaton is the least preaching of women and wives—a possible result, she laughingly explains, of her possessing among her names that of Sermonda! The law of reaction should, perhaps, be more taken into account by parents in this matter of labels. Call a girl Rose and you do not ensure her future sweetness; but call her Thorn and in all her acts she will sedulously defeat the slur parentally cast upon her.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN VAN DER GUCHT, OF SKINNER'S HORSE: MISS H. WOLRYCHE-WHITMORE.

Miss Hilda Wolryche-Whitmore, whose engagement to Captain G. T. Van der Gucht, 3rd Skinner's Horse, younger son of Major-General T. E. Van der Gucht, is announced, is the second daughter of the Rev. Henry Wolryche-Whitmore, of Thedden Grange, Hampshire.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO MR. B. H. NICOLSON: MISS TOBIN.

Miss Bessie Tobin, who is engaged to Mr. B. H. Nicolson, is the younger daughter of the late Mr. W. A. Tobin, of Wingadee, New South Wales, and Mrs. Tobin, of 92, Mount Street, London, W.—[*Photograph by Sarony.*]



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN R. G. SHUTTLEWORTH: MISS V. WALTERS.

Miss Violet Walters (who is engaged to Captain R. G. Shuttleworth, Indian Army, son of Mr. A. T. Shuttleworth, late Indian Forest Service, and Mrs. Shuttleworth, The Downs, Walmer) is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Radclyffe Walters and Mrs. Walters, Persfield, Ewell.

Photograph by Swaine.



MISS HILDA ANNIE HASLAM, WHOSE MARRIAGE WITH THE REV. HERBERT HAM WAS FIXED FOR SEPT. 15.

Miss Haslam is the eldest daughter of Sir Alfred Haslam, J.P., formerly M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyme, and Lady Haslam, of Breadsall Priory, near Derby. The Rev. Herbert Ham is the Vicar of St. James's, Derby.

Photograph by Lafayette.



ENGAGED TO MR. P. LE G. GRIBBLE: MISS M. M'NEILL.

Miss Morwenna M'Neill (who is engaged to Mr. Philip Le Grand Gribble, elder son of Mr. G. J. Gribble, of 34, Eaton Square, and Kingston Russell House, Dorset) is the second daughter of Mr. Ronald M'Neill, M.P., of Cushenden, Co. Antrim, and 18, Cadogan Place.

Photograph by Swaine.

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ABOVE THE AGE LIMIT.



HINTS TO THE MIDDLE-AGED MEN WHO CAN'T ENLIST, BUT DESIRE TO BECOME EFFICIENT

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

"Well, of course; but it would only mean an hour or two's delay."

"You have yet to grasp, Commodore, that our Imperial Army does not calculate on delays of any sort." He spoke frigidly, as a priest might speak to a man guilty of words of heresy. As he spoke they heard the heavy boots of a private soldier come clattering along the long gangway that joined the car in which they stood to the other aluminium car at the further end of the dirigible. They knew what this coming would mean, and as the private came through the door, saluting, the Colonel held out his hand for the message that had come by wireless telegraphy. When he had read this he turned to the Commodore with the nearest approach to a smile his face was capable of. The message read—

"Small Blériot biplane showing enemy's tricolour appeared from the direction of Poyns. Sighted two miles N.E. of this post. Going rapidly west, in direction of capital. At its speed should reach capital about 5.15."

The message had come from the post beyond the gap.

"This," said the Colonel, "proves how well we planned. They have fallen into our trap. They saw us this morning, as we let them see us, and have at once assumed that our objective is the capital. That plane is going to try and get over the investing lines to warn the capital. Does that end your fears, Commodore?"

The Commodore turned from the message on the "flimsy" to examine the map. He said—

"That biplane cut the track we are going to take, practically in the centre of F.22. If there was anyone there, they have got warning as well as the capital."

The Colonel threw out his hands in a hopeless gesture. He knew he would never convince this fool.

As the Blériot biplane climbed up and forward against the sky, she seemed to be the only thing with movement and life in it in that vast, uncouth, and desolate region. Below her a tawny carpet of yellow-green common-land stretched bleakly to every horizon. The place was arid, unfriendly, devoid of all visible life. Its only relief was tiny and infrequent clumps of parched gorse, so isolated that they looked like tufts of hair about a mole on the face of a giant.

All the same, the two men in the biplane searched the surface of this inhospitable tract with keen and greedy glances.

Presently the man at the control looked at the map before him, and compared some figures on it with the mileage indicator just beside it. The map was a large-scale ordnance map, marked plainly with every trivial detail of the earth's surface. It had been adapted for aeroplane work by being wound on two rollers set a foot apart. As the plane passed over that portion of the world recorded on the map, the pilot put out his hand and gave one of the rollers a twist, and a fresh tract of map appeared. The portion of map now visible was marked in ink "Square F.22"; the margins of the map were not, of course, visible.

The figure on the map that held the pilot's attention just then was 109. When he looked at the mileage indicator, he saw that the figures in the meter had clicked to 108, and that the moving hand on the clock-dial had travelled three-quarters of the circle. He looked up at the observation-officer and nodded.

"Four hundred yards further, Sir," he said.

The officer put his hand to a shelf before him and pulled out a weighted canvas bag. There were ribbons attached to this bag, and the officer shook them free. Then he held the bag ready over the side, his eyes fixed on the mottled surface of the common.

When the biplane came almost over a small and straggling bunch of gorse, the pilot cried "Now!" The hand on the dial had completed the circle, the figures in the meter had changed to 109. The officer opened his hand at once. The canvas bag fell like a stone; then the long streamers of coloured cloth caught the air, the velocity checked, and the bag sank downward in slow circles until it reached the earth.

The biplane had not slowed for a moment, but as it rushed forward the officer leaned outward and looked back.

"They've got it," he jerked, and sank back to his old posture. There was nothing surprising for him in the magical appearance, from the very air, as it were, of a tiny figure on the empty plain. The little, scarcely discernible figure was that of a man in khaki. He ran quickly from nowhere, snatched up the canvas bag, and then ran back. The observation-officer, looking backward over the common ninety seconds later, was unable to discern the slightest indication of habitation or life; only the tawny and mottled mane of the earth and a few dry gorse bushes were to be seen.

The Lieutenant read for the seventh time the message the biplane had brought him. It was a short message, and he knew it by heart, but always he re-read it with a hope that it would appeal to him with a newer savour and significance. Also, it was something to do, and he had done nothing for weeks.

The message ran—

"Large dirigible seen this morning heading S.W., making possibly for capital. She may, however, double back and make

for Poyns. All posts are warned to look out for her. F.22 double warned. If she cuts through the gap in the hills she will come nearly over this area. Her speed is about twenty-five to thirty-two miles per hour. If she is to come over him it will be not earlier than six."

The Lieutenant looked at his watch. It showed twenty minutes past five. He rose to his feet, and went, stooping a little, across the dark chamber. It was necessary for him to stoop, because he was a tall man, and there was but five feet-and-a-half head-room in the place. It was a queer chamber he was in. Five feet of its depth had been dug out of the sandy ground. It was roofed with tarpaulin, carefully propped so that no ridge showed outside. The only light in the place came from the edges of the tarpaulin where it sloped down to within three inches of the level of the common. In the chamber was sleeping-kit for five men; food stuffs and a water-barrel were stored in niches in the earth-walls; and in one place a deep recess had been cut, so that what looked like a cabinet had been let into the cavity. The doors of this cabinet were open, and, showing like the bottoms of wine-bottles set in bins, were the brass bases of many quick-firer shells.

By the shells stood an alert soldier in khaki; across the chamber stood another soldier. This man was against an opening in the earth wall; the Lieutenant went through this opening, still under the roof of tarpaulin, and, after five paces, came out into the open. Even the open here was not very much better than that of the first chamber; the roof tarpaulin covered practically all the head space, save at the end, and what little sight of sky was at the end was cut off by the masking of the thick gorse and by the muzzle of a quick-firing gun.

The quick-firer was not of the ordinary school of guns. For one thing, its muzzle was not aligned in a pleasant, horizontal way, but it poked its nose to heaven in a prideful and uppish manner; for another thing, its sighting arrangement was a matter of mirrors which one had to bend over as though bending towards the ground; for a third thing, the barrel and all paintable parts of the gun were painted in a manner that would have made the celebrated coat of Joseph blush with envy. Practically the whole of the gun was daubed in a Futurist fashion with yellow and green and blue pigment. If the Lieutenant had put his head above the level of the tarpaulin roofs he would have seen that they also were daubed in the same horrible green-yellow-blue Futurist patches. But he did not have to poke his head out to know this. He knew already. He had done the painting himself. It was not art, but the fact that even his own Army's aeroplanes needed a special chart to find him out showed how exquisitely his colour-scheme blended with the greeny-yellow-blue surface of the common.

There was a man on a ladder in the gun-pit when the Lieutenant entered it; possibly this man had a head, but it was lost entirely to view in a smother of gorse. In fact, he did have a head, for immediately after the Lieutenant appeared he turned round and proved that he had a face under his eerie helmet of bush. He had a pair of field-glasses in his hand, and he waved them in the air to indicate positions. He said, "She is coming our way, Sir. She's just lifting against the sky. Half-an-hour away, she is."

The Lieutenant nodded, and turned to the men round the gun. He watched them slap a cartridge into the breech as though he suspected that one of the men would slip it up his sleeve if his eyes were not quick. Then he went over the gun, examining each screw with infinite care. After a time, the man on the ladder spoke again—

"She's coming along fine. She'll pass a 'arf-mile to the left. Two thousand feet up, that's all she is." The Lieutenant turned round, to find the men already cranking the high-angle gun down to the right elevation.

In the control-room of the big dirigible the Commodore had bade the mechanic stand aside, and it was his own hands that rested on the levers that controlled the elevating planes and the weight that, running loose in the aluminium keel, he could throw sternwards at a moment's notice, and so bring up her nose and enable the dirigible to climb higher as quickly as possible. The Colonel stood beside the Commodore, examining the tawny common through his field-glasses. A smile, ironic and sneering, was on his lips.

"Where are your high-angle guns, Commodore?" he said, and his voice was like the smile on his lips. "Where are your enemy's posts? Where is our death and destruction? We are nearly across Square F.22, and I have seen not even the ashes of a camp-fire."

("I'm dead on her, Sir," said the gun-layer in the masked pit. "Let her have it," jerked the Lieutenant.)

The Colonel dropped his glasses and smiled at the Commodore. "You should build on exact science," he said.

The pointed nose of the dirigible abruptly kicked upward and sidelong. They could hear the aluminium lattice frame beneath the outer skin splinter and crash. Before the Commodore could wrench on his levers, the two forward of the dirigible's seventeen gas-chambers flared and went off in an enormous crash. Tongues of flame ran over her from end to end. She heaved once, and went trailing earthward, a ragged mass of incandescent ruin.

THE END.

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THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Shocks.

Many families have received severe shocks in the perfidy of trusted German governesses and servants. One such I know of personally; another I have heard of through a mutual friend. In the latter instance the spy was firmly established, after an apparently devoted service of many years, in the household of one of the best-known men and most-talked-of women in our English public life. I believe, when the officers called with respect to this person, her employers were prepared to vouch for her in every way. However, the official insisted on making his search, and discovered not only incriminating documents, but also arms. The assassination of the man in question would have roused a national clamour, possibly caused a public panic; yet in his own house was an armed spy ready and possibly waiting a signal to do him to death—it may be that the deed should have been done sooner, but a woman's heart and hand failed. The other case occurred to people I know: in this instance the governess had been four years in their house, and they were really attached to her. On her room being searched—very greatly to their indignation, and in her absence—plans carefully drawn and carefully explained of tunnels, bridges, and barracks in the district were found. The governess was going to Germany for her holiday when the war broke out. She is spending it less pleasantly now! There is an institution for befriending German governesses near Crawford Street, Bryanston



ONE OF THE "DIE-HARDS" AT THE FRONT: THE MUCH-MEDALLED MULE.

The celebrated regimental mule of the 2nd Battalion of the "Die-Hards" (the 77th Middlesex Regiment), now at the front, wears three war medals, including the Indian Frontier Medal, with three clasps, and the South Africa (Queen's) Medal, with five clasps.—[Photograph by Cribb.]

Square, which has always been greatly favoured by German royalty. It might be worth a little attention. Possibly it has already received it!

The Britons of the Near Future.

Our schoolboys and schoolgirls are returning to their studies full to the brim of patriotism, revived by the Great War, which will bear good fruit in time. Whatever the feelings of their elders just now, the boys and girls must be sent back to school with their outfits all right, for the British boy and girl must be as smartly turned out as the British soldier and sailor. Messrs. Peter Robinson, Ltd., Oxford Street, are experts in this matter. Any boy will be well turned out for late autumn and winter in one of their Hurlingham overcoats at 72s., in a new blue-grey fleecy material, with sleeves and shoulders lined with satin, double-breasted, and with a velvet collar. A Rugby suit, too, is neat and sportsmanlike, the breeches cut in semi-riding style. In blue serge and tweed, this would cost from 25s. to 43s. 6d., according to the age of the boy. The Saville is another neat, manly-looking suit; the coat like a sportsman's Norfolk jacket. This, in tweed or homespun, costs from 22s. 6d. to 39s. 6d., according to size. Schoolgirls are also variously and remarkably well catered for. No. 314 coat and skirt—the models are all numbered in the booklet devoted to the subject, for the convenience of ordering—is in black or navy suiting, the coat having a Russian blouse effect; the price for girls of from sixteen to nineteen years old is 59s. 6d. There are many styles in dressy frocks for girls at very moderate prices; also for party dresses; and there are very smartly cut coats. The "Ethel," the "Constance," and the "Eva," in cloths and tweeds of varying weights, will all find favour with our girls.

His Royal Highness's Chums. The Prince of Wales has a great many friends who are loyally devoted to him. His French companions, the young de Breteuils, are fighting for France, as is their father, who was the Prince's host. Young Craigie, son of John Oliver Hobbes, who is older than the Prince and whom he knew at Oxford, has joined the English Army. Lord Derby's son, Lord Stanley has also got his commission. The Prince has not made all his friends of high rank, as his friendship with Mr. Craigie proves. Another chum at Oxford had the run of H.R.H.'s rooms, and used to run in before changing for dinner. He did so one day singing a popular song, and found himself in the presence of the King and Queen! To quote himself, he did not know how he got out, but felt that his exit was decidedly speedy.



THE FIRST OFFICIAL LADY RECRUITER: MISS INGRID COLM.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

Commonplace or Rare.

Very often it happens that the rare and valuable is used as commonplace, and all that is known about it is that it is a queer old thing, having been for long in the family. The well-known firm of goldsmiths and silversmiths, Wilson and Gill, of 139, Regent Street, have issued a guide for collectors of antiques in which date-marks, periods, and styles are clearly indicated. The authority is unimpeachable, for Messrs. Wilson and Gill are known all over the world as at the top of their business in all respects. The book, a small, compact, clearly compiled, and profusely illustrated one, deals with silver marks, Sheffield plate, and English pottery; also with the actual dates of the recognised periods in furniture. It is a very fascinating little volume, and of great general interest. Many of those who peruse it will make gratifying discoveries in their own households, and at least something will be promoted from commonplace to rare; while in many instances much may be so, for people frequently go on using old things without taking much notice. Comparison of the marks on silver with those in the book will undoubtedly result in many "finds."

Up and Spending.

Everyone wants to be up and doing in a great national anxiety and trouble like the one now thrust upon us. We all want to do something big and important, and we certainly all cannot manage this. What is of real importance, quite as great as killing Germans at the front, or nursing sick and wounded, or succouring poor and oppressed, is to keep the workers working. Therefore we should spend in accordance with our power. We should be especially careful to have the best and easiest foot-wear, and as the Delta Shoe Manufacturers have large reserves of leather, and are continuing as usual, working full time, we can be sure of our expenditure in this direction being at once wise and patriotic.



GIVING A TIP FOR STRAIGHT SHOOTING: MISS PARSON, OF BYFLEET LADIES' RIFLE CLUB, ADVISING A GENTLEMAN FRIEND.

The ladies of Byfleet Rifle Club, like those of similar clubs all over the country, have given over their range for the use of men desirous of training themselves in musketry. Some of the ladies attend daily and freely give instruction in handling the rifle. The club provides free ammunition and afternoon tea.—[Photo. by Pictorial Press.]



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Strange Ways
in War Time.**

Last Sunday we went to morning service at Romsey Abbey, one of the oldest and most beautiful of all our splendid cathedrals—a priceless monument of the finest Norman architecture, a church full of memories of our varied history. The place was brown with khaki, and the congregation tense and strained with anxiety about the news from France. Nearly everyone there had someone at the front, or busily getting ready to go there; the very air was charged with the atmosphere of the greatest war in history. The clergy, however, seemed wholly unable to meet the situation. Except for the war-prayers which are read out in every church this woeful summer, you would not have guessed that anything was going on. There was no inspiring anthem. The hymns chosen were the most commonplace to be found in the book; and for sermon we had a long and wearisome appeal for funds for—what? I give it you in one. I give it you in two. I give it you in three. It was an urgent request for money to convert the heathen in Central Africa! The congregation coughed, yawned, and shuffled. The sermon went on and on. And finally, when the bag came round in which funds were to be collected to “convert” Darkest Africa, I fear more sixpenny-bits than sovereigns were offered up. There seems to be no sense of the situation, no feeling for the psychology of this great crisis, to allow such an appeal to be made in a cathedral full of men about to leave their country, many of them never to return. At such a time, even the most thoughtless man goes back to the religious teachings of his boyhood. But with every railway station guarded, and in the very tensest scenes of departure for the front, in Romsey Abbey, last Sunday, we heard no word about the war—the heathens in Central Africa occupied the stage.

In the Dark.

I do not think there is anything more wearing or more disheartening in a great war than being kept in the dark as we are. Englishwomen, especially, feel it acutely, being the mothers, daughters, and sisters of those stout-hearted soldiers we breed in these islands. And women have always a great part to play in a big war. It is theirs to hearten and console, to encourage and to send forward, to give up everything that they have most fondled and cherished. The absolute ignorance in which the wives and mothers of those at the front are being kept is beginning to tell on their nerves. I am quite sure that certainty—even of the worst—is better than misleading statements, reports which cover up the truth, and other devices to conceal failure. It might “work” with the French—a far more highly strung and panicky people than we are. But it is worse than useless here. The Briton is splendid in adversity and danger. He will put up a fight and keep a stiff upper lip when other nations would lose heart. Though we are

inarticulate, there is much of the Japanese spirit about the Briton, especially when it comes to a fight to the finish. Why, then, do our military mandarins endeavour to feed us with lollipops at such a crisis? It is better the people should recognise at once that, having failed in the initiative, we are “in for” a long war, possibly one of years. The women of England will not fail, and they have already shown how they can organise and distribute the endless resources we have at our disposal.

**Succour to the
Vanquished.**

After our soldiers and sailors, their wives and children, our first and paramount duty is to help the thrice unhappy Belgians—both those who are coming to our shores, and those unfortunates who are left maimed, starving, and homeless in what was once a lovely, smiling, and highly industrial country. We, with Germany and France, “guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium,” but neither we nor the French were in time to save them from their dreadful fate. It is a commonplace that Belgium was, perhaps, the most densely populated country in the world; while its industries were colossal. Moreover, it was one of the playgrounds of Europe, and Ostend and the adjacent *plages* were among the most cosmopolitan of all the pleasure-places of the Continent. Brussels appealed to everyone, and the old towns of Belgium—Ghent, Bruges, and the devastated Louvain—attracted multitudes of tourists from all parts of the world. We “guaranteed,” but we could not save her; it is, then, our first and highest duty to succour this stricken country, which has, owing to its situation, been the “cockpit” of Europe. This brave and industrious people are much like those Southern Italians who live on a kind of crater, in perpetual danger of earthquake and untold disaster.

**Still Smiling
England.**

This radiant and brilliant weather, days of soft, glowing heat, and moonlit nights of incomparable suavity and peace, should do much to hearten us for the long struggle before us. Never has England looked more beautiful, more inviolate, more safe from foreign aggression than during the last few weeks. The abundant harvest, the energy and resource of our women-folk, the never-ceasing stream of men and money, the sight of our great war-ships on the Channel and in the North Sea, the indomitable spirit of our Army and Navy, the free arrival of ships with food and raw material, all make for cheerfulness, courage, and a sure knowledge of ultimate

triumph. The news we have had of late is probably the hardest we shall have to bear; just as well that it did not come in foggy and depressing autumn days, but when “this realm, this England,” was bathed in the most glorious sunshine, when our gardens were gallant with flowers, when the most beautiful of all islands was inexpressibly dear to us.



FASHION'S LATEST CREATION: A STRIKING AUTUMN COSTUME. The figure is seen in a cape coat of very fine English silk mohair, an exact reproduction of broadtail. There is a cross-over vest in front, with large collar and revers of velvet. It is the creation of Messrs. Peter Robinson, of Oxford Circus, W.



MOTURING AND PATRIOTISM: THE ECONOMIC FALLACY OF LAYING-BY THE CAR.

"Carry On." It would only be natural if the automobile industry of this country were to feel undue depression, and in some cases take so gloomy a view of the situation as to lead them to "shut up shop" for the time being. The trade society, however, has advised otherwise, and it is satisfactory to note that factories are being kept going, and that so far there has been no wholesale discharging of hands. In some departments of the industry, indeed, an unusually pronounced activity prevails, for all the factories engaged in the production of heavy vehicles are working at full blast in the attempt to cope with the big demand from the War Office for motor lorries. The preparations of the War Office, previously to the outbreak of hostilities, had been directed towards the long-existing bogey of a German invasion, and the military equipment of "heavies" amounted to about two hundred vehicles only. Now all is changed. Long distances have to be covered abroad, and commissariat supplies have to be borne by road along the lines of our army at the front in a war of which no one can foresee even the probable duration. As a result, the War Office is clamouring for motor transports, and has placed orders right and left for the whole output of various factories for fifty weeks. The commercial vehicle trade, therefore, is at all events in clover. Added to this is the fact that those firms which can adapt their organisation to the production of heavy chassis instead of touring-cars are also busy—notably the Wolseley, Daimler, Vauxhall, and Austin concerns. Others, again, are fitting van-tops for commercial purposes to towing chassis; and as horses will be drained steadily from the fields week by week, the trading community will stand more and more in need, as time goes on, of mechanical means of transport.

How the Public Can Help. There are tens of thousands of people, however, engaged in the motor trade in the United Kingdom who are not directly concerned in production itself, but in the selling of cars and in catering for the wants of the actual owner. Their position is in many cases already serious, and naturally the sale of new cars, which is always more or less at a standstill in the two months preceding the Olympia Show, is hardly likely to be rendered any more brisk in the face of war. But the fact remains that tens of thousands of cars are in everyday use on the roads, and in this connection one must protest against the efforts that have been made in some quarters to discourage such use and to stigmatise it as "unpatriotic." Nothing could be more unjust or absurd. From the first we have been urged to go about our business as usual; and why should the motor agents and repairers throughout the country be deliberately reduced to beggary by a

Government in any capacity whatsoever. In spite of this, however, a number of private owners have laid their cars by for fear of public opinion; while some of those who have driven their cars have been received with taunts, and told that they ought to be at the front. So far from this being patriotic, it is the reverse. Considerations of economy will have quite enough limiting effect upon the use of cars without any cry being raised of unpatriotic conduct, to the serious detriment of the motor agent and repairer; and the public can help to a material degree in maintaining trade and employment



THE SWIFTLY MOVING "SUPER-CAVALRY SCOUTS" PROVED VALUABLE BY THE GERMANS: AN ARMoured MOTOR-CAR.

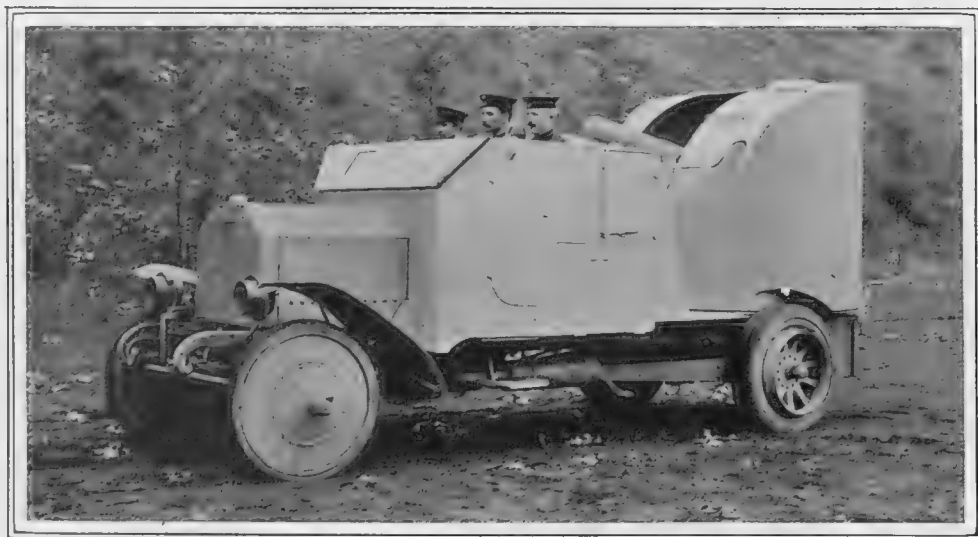
Our illustration shows a heavily armoured motor-car, with a quick-firing gun mounted at the back. Such cars have been used with great effect during the present war as super-cavalry scouts. They have been employed by all the armies in the field, but in larger numbers by the Germans than by any of the Allies.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

by refraining from unreasonable comment and by encouraging the use of cars so far as the means of their owners will allow.

Hoarding Petrol. The solitary objection to the use of cars which appeared valid for the moment was that which related to the petrol-supply. It was contended that the latter would speedily fall away, and that there would not be sufficient motor spirit left for the use of our Army at the front if private owners went on driving about in the usual way. Fortunately, however, this hypothesis has been blown to the winds. The petrol companies announced that they had large stocks in hand, and were only hampered by the lack of tins. Some of these had been taken abroad by the forces, while many were being held up by private customers. The shortage, however, is now at an end; while, as to failure of supplies owing to the war, the Board of Trade returns show that there has only been a falling-off of five per cent. If there should be any difficulty, moreover, in obtaining supplies from the East, it may be taken for granted that every effort will be made to increase the imports from the American side. It is impossible to prove, therefore, that the laying-up of cars can do a fraction of good from the patriotic point of view.

Another British Magneto.

Yet another British firm has come forward to fill the breach caused by the fact that the supply of high-tension magnetos in this country has long been a virtual monopoly for a German concern. The C. A. Vandervell Company, of Acton, whose wonderfully effective electric-lighting installations are so well known, now announces its intention of putting magnetos on the market also, and it can only be said that, if these are anything like as good as their lamps and dynamos, they are certain to be in great request. It now remains to be seen whether any of the great electrical firms, which have not hitherto considered the motor industry, will enter the big market available in this direction.



A MOVING FORT, WITH QUICK-FIRING GUN MOUNTED AT THE BACK: GERMAN SOLDIERS IN AN ARMoured MOTOR-CAR.

The armoured motor-cars of the Germans, with which the enemy scour the country ahead of the cavalry screen, are well equipped for self-defence when encountering an advance guard of the enemy.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

withdrawal of motor vehicles from the roads? Many thousands of the cars which fortunately are still to be seen flitting about belong to owners who have long since enrolled their names, in thousands, with the Royal Automobile Club or the Automobile Association, and expressed their willingness to place their cars at the service of the

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(An Extra Special Blend of Choice Old Whiskies.)

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A Woman's Duty.

IT is the duty of every woman in this great Crisis of our lives and National History, to cheer the hearts of their menfolk going to the 'front' by **keeping well and looking well.**

It is quite certain that this cannot be accomplished if they allow sadness, depression or neglect to work havoc on their Beauty, but it can be most assuredly **avoided** by the careful and diligent use of "Cyclax" Preparations.

Many of the most renowned Beauties of the day have acknowledged that "Cyclax" Preparations are not luxuries but **necessities.**

This is the message of Mrs. Hemming, the world-renowned exponent of Beauty Culture, of 58, South Molton Street, W., who wishes it also to be widely known that although the cost of all material used in making her famous specialities has considerably increased, she will not, for the present, make any advance in her prices.

The famous "**Cyclax**" **Skin Food** (4/- and 7/6, post free) is incomparable in its wonderful rejuvenating effects upon the skin, keeping it fresh, fair and firm of texture, while building up the flesh so that lines and wrinkles quickly disappear; "**Cyclax**" **Special Lotion** (5/6 and 10/6, post free) removes redness, roughness and sunburn, and renders the skin beautifully transparent; "**Cyclax**" **Blended Lotion** (4/- and 8/6 post free) acts as a splendid tonic, while it also remedies harshness and dryness; and "**Cyclax**" **Face Powder** (6/6, post free) is an ideal preparation, imparting a soft, peach-like surface to the skin, also neutralising the effects of perspiration.

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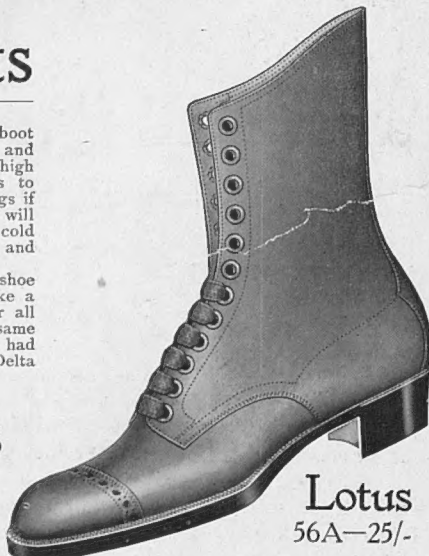
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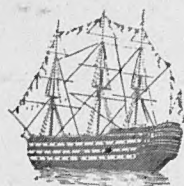
This boot, together with Delta shoe 310, 7/11 for indoor work, will make a most satisfactory shoe equipment for all nurses. Both are supplied at the same prices as before the War, and can be had as soon as required from Lotus and Delta agents in all towns.

For Nurses



Lotus
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A SUBSTANTIAL garment, suitable for cold and inclement weather; skilfully tailored, and of unquestionable excellence, both in build and finish. Made from the finest indigo-dyed Navy Serge. Regulation black buttons are supplied if asked for; otherwise gilt buttons are affixed.

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A Selection of Garments and Patterns will be sent on request.

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GENUINE must bear signature

Brent Good

**Constipation
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Dizziness
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Loss of Appetite
Sallow Skin.**

ACTION FOR LIBEL.

J. LYONS & CO., Limited (Plaintiffs)

v.

LIPTON, Limited (Defendants).

IN the HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE Mr. Justice Sankey, on September 8th, 1914, granted an Interim Injunction restraining Lipton Limited, their Agents and Servants, from speaking or publishing or writing and publishing any words to the effect or of the substance that J. Lyons & Co., Limited, or the Directorate thereof, is composed of Germans, and that by purchasing their commodities the public is assisting the enemies of Great Britain.

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(His Majesty the King),

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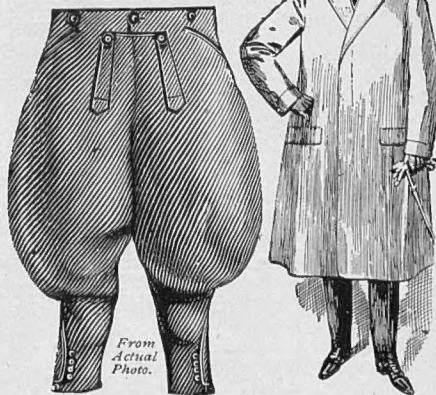
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WOMEN who take up Red Cross work will find the DELTA Ward Shoe an invaluable addition to their outfit. It is of the Regulation cut with a low and absolutely silent heel, and will not tire the foot through hours of standing. No. 310 is for indoor wear—and might well be supplemented by LOTUS Boot, No. 56A, 25/- for work outside. Both can be had as soon as required from agents in all towns. Prices remain unchanged.

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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"In a County Asylum."

BY RICHARD Z. DALE.
(Werner Laurie.)

Distinction is not likely to abound in a novel written with some grim purpose (one wonders why), but rarely does a story so completely lack it as Mr. Dale's earnest attack on county asylums. It has no charm of manner or matter to redeem the ugly pain of it, and the illicit love of the honest doctor who is its hero, for another man's wife, doesn't help things in the least. Mr. Dale assures us that his asylum is a typical one, where the treatment, chosen entirely for economy of supplies and staff, was either one of drugging troublesome patients or neglect of remedies for any disease which might break out. The Superintendent is not represented as inhuman, but rather as a man of coarse nature brutalised by his job. Mad folk were better and happier dead, so why spend money and time in curing consumption or any other ailment which might attack them? And if a "dangerous" patient went blue and succumbed to injudicious narcotics—well, he was better out of the way. Indifferent attendants, and forward—not to say immoral—nurses add to the general misery of a truly wretched place. Incidentally, the frauds on the sick poor directly due to the Insurance Act are also exposed. All this is doubtless right to

ventilate, and it is done with an air of moderation; but the result is inexpressibly dreary. "A Powerful Novel for Grown-up Minds," as the cover asserts rather forbiddingly, should run "Plain Speaking for Public Guardians of Lunatics."

The Swindler, and Other Stories.

BY ETHEL M. DELL.
(Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Fisher Unwin has found real value in Miss Dell. She has the gift of romance; she applies it like the match to a well-laid fire, and the brightest, most entertaining results are a consequence. Being a woman, it is natural that her romance should burn flame-like around masculine heads. It is the Swindler, and not the courageous little American, who glows with it; the male, whether hero, nonentity, or knight-errant—the match is always for him, the woman's part to sit by the fireside and warm her hands at this fire of life. And as most novel-readers are women they will be appreciative of such selection and enjoy it very much. One can conceive a man being slightly impatient over the glamour attending these strong, virile men, immovable in resolve until the conquering she floats across the field of their destinies; but neither man nor woman is likely to break off any one story before its close; they read so well, with an insistent "tang" on the interest—not a tiresome paragraph or a dull line in the whole.

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A Smart Garment
priced to meet the
exigencies of the
moment.

RECOGNISING that ladies will have many "calls on the purse" during the war, and that economies will have to be studied, we are making a special effort to produce goods at a lower rate but at the same time keeping up the Style and Quality; our aim is to render the greatest possible service to our customers and the public, and also to give employment to our workpeople by making-up as much as possible in our own workrooms.

Special attention is directed to our exceptionally wide range of moderately priced goods ready for immediate service. We picture an example of the New Cape Coats. It is

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£3 10 0

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The Old "Brown Seal"
a perfect Wine from the Wood
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